

A STRAIGHT (T.L.) MAN HAS succeeded in making an apple tree bear roses. It probably is a thorn-apple tree.

Some scientist has declared that electric fans spread germs. They also spread fingers which happen to get into them.

Several million women would be glad to know, you know, how Queen Alexandra manages to retain her youth and good looks.

It is costing San Francisco \$2,000 a month to provide for Abe Ruef. Abe has always been one of San Francisco's most costly luxuries.

Richard Harding Davis assaulted a man recently for calling him an imitation Englishman. Mr. Davis insists that he is the real thing.

The steeplejack in New York who was killed by a fall of only six feet probably had missed hundreds of opportunities of dying thrillingly and spectacularly.

A woman is suing for a divorce because she has discovered that she is the thirteenth in her husband's affections. Superstition leads women to do some ridiculous things.

The skeleton of a prehistoric animal that was 314 feet long has been found in Wyoming. There must have been a time when irrigation was not necessary to make things grow in that State.

After she had saved the lives of three young men a New York girl refused to let her name be known to the reporters. She must be the only girl in the land who has no desire to go on the stage.

"Can a man who is a Christian actually be engaged in the production of wealth under modern conditions?" asks Prof. Shailer Mathews. Up to this writing the professor has received no answers.

It cost the United States \$2,554,970 to maintain order in Cuba during the fiscal year recently ended. Well, we may at last have the satisfaction of knowing that it was a pretty good brand of order.

James J. Hill astonished his friends recently by appearing in a suit of white. He even wore white shoes. Perhaps Mr. Hill has decided that it will be useless for him to go on trying to look like a Methodist preacher.

Harriman is quoted as saying that he would rather own all the railroads than run the government. The reporter probably misunderstood him. He must have said he would rather own all the railroads and run the government.

It has been estimated by an American in China that more than eight hundred thousand lives have been saved during the famine by American contributions to the relief funds. Since these contributions amounted to about eight hundred thousand dollars, every one who gave a dollar can think that he was the means of saving one life.

Two hundred and ten loaded freight cars is the train which a locomotive, lately built for the Erie railroad, will haul upon a level track. The locomotive weighs more than two hundred tons and is supported upon sixteen driving wheels, eight on each side. A train a mile and a half long, which is the length of two hundred and ten cars, would have astounded railroad men of the last generation, but engineers today are looking forward to longer trains, if they have not already made them up.

The four recreation buildings for workers on the Panama canal are to have each a library of six hundred volumes. The books are to be of all kinds, and the fiction in the several libraries is to be different, so that it can be exchanged from one to the other. In choosing it, the experience of a chaplain in the Philippines might have been useful to the commission. He had collected a few score books from friends at home, and for fiction had selected sturdy books of adventure, such as his gentle heart told him would appeal to brave soldiers. The books did not seem to interest the men, and the chaplain finally asked one of them about it. The man shuffled and blushed, and said, "Well, the fact is, padre, away out here I like a good, soft love story, something with plenty of mother and father and girl in it."

In connection with the terrible accident on board the battleship Georgia, by which nearly a dozen men lost their lives and half a score of others were injured, no picture stands out more pathetically unforgettable than that of Admiral Goodrich and his wife at the deathbed of their third and last son, all given to the service of their country. The first had lost his life at San Juan, the second had died in the army. When, in the war with Spain, the word came to Captain Capron that his only son lay dead in another part of the field, he went, as soon as duty permitted, to the spot where the body lay, lifted the flag which covered the face, looked long upon it, and with the words, "Well done, my boy!" turned back to his battery. Parents who enjoy the blessing of a home in which all their children are gathered, or to which they return at frequent intervals, are hardly capable of understanding the anxiety and heartache which enter so commonly into the lives of army and navy parents, even in times of peace. The service confers its distinctions and offers its compensations, but it also exacts its sacrifices. There is always the experience of varied and trying climates; there are long absences and frequent separations; and more often, perhaps, than is supposed, there is sudden and

great danger. The quiet dignity, the uncomplaining fortitude with which these things are borne are not among the least admirable qualities of those who compose that service whose duty is not primarily to command, but really to serve.

Now and then when there is a particularly flagrant case of wickedness called to public attention advocates of the whipping post come forward and urge a return to this old time form of punishment. The growth of the humanitarian spirit in connection with criminology has been marked by the abolition of methods which once found favor, and the whipping post long since disappeared, except from a few places. Delaware has been the conspicuous instance of a State which has retained it. The experience of one of the officers of a State institution who has just given up his place is not favorable to the effectiveness of the whipping post. He reports that since November, 1901, he has whipped 235 men, giving them from five to sixty lashes each, according to the nature of the offense. Of this number sixty had been whipped before, some of them as many as six times. His judgment is that this record does not sustain the contention of the advocates of the whipping post as to its certain effectiveness in lessening crime. He himself has become tired of his job, which one can easily imagine to be anything but a pleasant one. The tendency among those who are studying criminals is strong to do away with harsh and cruel methods and to appeal to the better instincts of humanity in every way possible. They have their faith sorely tried on many occasions. Their efforts often appear to be futile. Those whom they would help abuse the kindness of their friends. Nevertheless there is a steady persistence in the belief in the superiority of kindness to brutality. The testimony of the Delaware whip wielder goes to show that Delaware ought to give up the whipping post. It is strange that the State should take pride in clinging to a brutal anachronism.

TECHNICAL SCHOOL IN FOREST.

How Wood Carving Is Taught in Austria—Live Models to Work From. To study a valuable technical and art craftsmanship school one would scarcely in England choose a little town of 14,500 inhabitants wherein to make research. But in Austria it is in all small towns wherever there are special industries that the educational ministry plant their school to develop and advance the scientific knowledge of those industries, says a Pall Mall Gazette correspondent at Villach, Austria. Here in Villach we are in the midst of forests. Wood forms the staple commodity, and so in this interesting, historic and picturesque town is a school to develop wood industries. The school has three sections—building, art and cabinet work. In the directors' room one at once saw all the hidden beauty and worth of wood. Articles of everyday utility were beside objects of art full of expression. There was a figure of Samson, full of pathetic power; a portrait of the old master workman, such a figure as Herkimer would glory in; a statue of Dante, and a Christ, reminding one of the work of the fourteenth century, when wood carving was in its glory—and this Christ was carved by a lad of 18. But near were quipped little tops of the most simple form; these were the models for the village children to copy, thus making the Noah's ark tops of commerce.

In the drawing rooms I was surprised to see a monkey running about and some birds feeding, but I soon saw that monkey and birds were worked into many a design; a hen with her chicks were also utilized. Flowers and trees they had around them, and the pupils had to create, not copy. In the turners' room were fifteen lathes. In the sculptors' room pupils were at work. Quite a picturesque group was formed as the workmaster stood over a lad who, with mallet and chisel, was working out of a rough wood block the figure of a laughing fawn. The pupil had a fine face, and his eyes went into his work—a village lad turned into an artist by this school. The number of pupils in all was 520. Girls were taught drawing and painting. Here their system makes the poorest see with an artistic eye, and the value of this was evident in the town. In the furniture and houses were seen the influence of this school, which is absolutely free to all without payment—even for material.

Damages at Rate of 50 Cents a Pound Miss Annanda Stuller, who weighs 250 pounds, got damages at Norristown, Pa., at the rate of 50 cents a pound in a breach of promise suit which she brought against Daniel Kinsell. Miss Stuller is 48 years old and has had hard luck in her love affairs. She testified on the witness stand Monday that two other men had "gone back on" her, and that when Kinsell gave her the slip she made up her mind that she would not continue to meet the results of his sex with time endurance. She said that Kinsell wanted a housekeeper, but when he saw her he decided he would rather have her for a wife. Miss Stuller was willing, but Kinsell, who is 68 years old and not so poetic as he once was, got tired of his bargain after a few visits and said the match was off. The jury gave Miss Stuller a verdict of \$125.

Worship of Teeth. Teeth have been worshiped, and, in fact, are venerated as relics in some religious shrines. Buddha's tooth is preserved in an Indian temple. The Chinese worship the tooth of a monkey, while an elephant's and a shark's tooth serve a similar purpose among the Malabar Islanders and the Tonga Islanders, respectively. The Chinese were formerly the possessors of the tooth of a sacred monkey, which they valued highly. In a war with the Portuguese they lost the holy grader, along with much gold and precious stones. What has become of the old-fashioned people who called a lurch "a snuck?"

WORLD'S OLDEST BRASS BAND.

It Was a Feature of Boston's Old Home Parade.

The oldest brass band in the world—the Military band of South Weymouth—was a feature heard in the civic parade procession in Boston's old home parade, says the Boston Globe. The average of the members is 75 years. The brass drum was played at the dedication of Bunker Hill monument. The double bass fiddle is the blazer thing of the kind in America. The bass viol, the oldest made in this country, dates from 1788 and was played in the Old South meeting house in 1850. The clarinet is 129 years old.

The leader of the band serenaded Jenny Lind at the Revere house on her first appearance in Boston, played at a reception given Daniel Webster in Marshfield in 1832 and at the Kosciuszko reception in Boston in 1873. C. Loring Stetson, aged 82, the leader began playing the cornet and bugle in 1845. He has taken part in more parades, concerts, firemen's dinners and dances than any other musician in New England.

Mr. Stetson was for several years a member of the Boston Brigade band which serenaded Jenny Lind at the old Revere house, when he played the solo "Wood Up" on his cornet to the delight of the famous songstress.

Two of the surviving members of the famous Bond's band of Boston took part. They are George Rimbach of Roxbury, aged nearly 86, and William W. Raymond of East Weymouth, aged nearly 85. Mr. Raymond, after having been a member of the Weymouth band, joined Bond's band in 1845. He remained with that band for about five years and made the acquaintance of P. S. Gilmore when he first came to Boston. Mr. Raymond returned to the Weymouth band in 1851 and remained an active member until it was disbanded a few years ago. He took part in the world's peace jubilee in Boston as a member of the big orchestra. He plays the trombone, saxhorn, ophicleide, post horn, alto horn, oboe, French horn and flute.

George Rimbach, the other surviving member of Bond's band, plays the trumpet, as he did in the days of the old band in Boston.

Daniel Vining, aged 84, played the snare drum. He was a drummer in the civil war and still keeps up his practice. S. Everett Cushing played the baritone horn. He is 73 years old and began to play a violin when he was 7. He began to play with bands in 1853.

OWNERS OF LIBERTY BELL.

It Is Not Public Property, But Belongs to Four Sisters.

Contrary to general belief the old Liberty bell is not the property of the nation or of the city of Philadelphia, but of four sisters who are the heirs of John Willbank, the man who made the new bell shortly after the old bell was cracked, and who took the old bell as part payment. According to the Home Magazine, three of the sisters, Mrs. James B. McCloskey, Mrs. G. D. Emerson and Mrs. S. B. Coward, live in Philadelphia. The fourth, Mrs. S. W. B. Diehl, lives in Washington, D. C.

By an order of the assembly of the province of Pennsylvania, the liberty bell was cast by an English founder in 1751. Soon after arriving in this country the bell broke, but was recast from the same metal in the same form and with the original inscription, "Proclaim Liberty Throughout the Land." The ownership passed from provincial authorities to the State, but in 1818 it was purchased by the city of Philadelphia, together with the old state-house and grounds. During the celebration over the arrival of Lafayette in 1824 the bell was rung so vigorously it became cracked, and a few months later was ordered replaced by a new bell cast by John Willbank. The later bell is hanging in the steeple of Germantown hall.

How to Set a Table Tastefully.

See that the center of the table stands directly under the center of the chandelier or hanging lamp, whichever light you use for the center of your dining room, says Men and Women. Place your candelabrum, or felt, as it is called, even on the table, smoothing it down well, so that there are no creases to upset the water glass or vegetable saucer during the course of the meal. Next lay your white damask cloth evenly and smoothly, so as to have as few creases as possible, and see that it hangs well over the sides of the table, without touching the floor. Then place your linen centerpiece in the center of the tablecloth, and if you have two smaller liners, place put them at opposite corners, right at the edge of the table. Now place your vase filled with fresh water and gay, dew flowers, or even wild striped grass or ferns, in the center of the middle linen piece, and two smaller vases (if you possess them) on the smaller corner pieces. At the edge of the opposite corners place at one a small bowl filled with any fruit you have in the house. Apples, bananas, oranges and grapes make a pretty showing. A pineapple may be placed in the center of the glass bowl and the mixed fruits nicely arranged around it. The fruit and the flowers give a festive appearance to even the most simply laid table. Our eyes should be gratified as much as our palates. At the edge of the other corner place a china tile, upon which set your glass water pitcher filled with ice water.

The Truth About Gossip.

"Br'er Jenkins, he say dat we ought not to gossip an' dat we ought not to remark on each other's frailties; but, my lan', dat's what keeps de world straight. His de fear of our neighbors' tongue dat keeps most of us in de stockade. His de gossip dat's de real perlee of de world."—Dorothy Dix in New York American.

No Sale for It.

He's kept a diary all year 'round. He's fussy, you infer? You will not think so when you've found He's just a stationer. —Philadelphia Press.

WRECK OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST CANTILEVER BRIDGE WHICH COLLAPSED AT QUEBEC.



These photographs show the ruin following the appalling disaster to the new cantilever bridge at Quebec, which collapsed when the ends were nearing the center, carrying 88 workmen down over 300 feet to death. The bridge was to have been the largest in the world. The upper picture shows the wreck of the bridge around the pier. The great size of the collapsed girders is shown by contrast with the figure of a man marked in white. The lower picture, taken from the bench, shows where the first span broken loose from the pier. Thousands of tons of steel fell in the collapse of the bridge. The cut-in work was destroyed from beyond the first abutment in the St. Lawrence River clear to the bridge approach on the heights.

STEWART'S THIRD FORTUNE.

Once Again Nevada's "Silver King" Is on Prosperity's High Tide.

To start out at the age of nearly fourscore to make a third fortune, and to have the attempt crowned with success, is rather a strenuous undertaking for anyone. And yet that is what former United States Senator William M. Stewart, known as "the Silver King" of Nevada, has done, writes a Carson City correspondent. The other day he celebrated his eightieth birthday.

Few men, even among the money kings of bonanza days, have had a more varied and wonderful experience than William M. Stewart. The accumulation and loss of two immense fortunes and the winning of a third at an age when the great majority of men are relegated to the retired list seem but minor incidents in his wonderful career. Among the roles he has filled in his time, and the most of them with marked success, have been those of senator, lawyer, editor, orator, Yale College man, Indian fighter, prospector, speculator and scientific farmer.

He was born in the State of New York, lived a while in Ohio, then went to Yale to study law. When the cry of "Gold in California" was raised in '49 he came West, and, between the law and ore mining, grew so opulent that he became known as "the Silver King." But when he was elected Senator from Nevada he plunged too deeply into the extravagances of capital life, and at the end of twelve years found himself poor. But he did not despair. Again he came back to the West for a fortune, dug it out of the earth in the form of precious ore, and soon found himself again a millionaire. Power returned with fortune, and in 1887 he was again elected to the United States Senate.

For a time he was a greater power in politics than before. He was at the head of that group of Republican delegates who withdrew from the St. Louis convention in 1896 because the majority refused to agree to a bimetallic plank and declared for the gold standard. Stewart was an ardent silver man, and the success of the gold standard because dealt him a hard blow. Unwise speculation and other unremunerative enterprises in a few years reduced him once more to the lower financial level. So, two years ago last March, his term ended, he bade good-by to his friends in the Senate and returned once more to the scenes of his former triumph to again wrest fortunes from the rocks.

When he returned to Nevada the last time it was known among his friends that he was almost "down and out" financially. But he went to work with the old-time courage, and with his knowledge of mines and mining, things ere long began to come his way again. He made several lucky strikes and investments, and almost before a year had elapsed he had made a good start toward retrieving his fortunes. It is believed that he is now worth at least a quarter of a million, and possibly much more. He has shelved his social and political ambition, and declares that this fortune—his third—will not go like the others.

Self-Winding Watches.

"Watchmaking is no longer what it used to be," said a collector. "Where will you find to-day artists making and selling readily watches worth \$2,500 apiece?"

Brequet was the greatest watchmaker the world has ever seen. He was a Swiss, but he lived in France. The watch collector who hasn't a Brequet timepiece has a sadly incomplete collection. Brequet watches were the acme of beauty, of originality and of accuracy. One played a tune every hour, another had on its dial little figures that danced, a third was a self-winder.

"They were very ingenious, those self-winding watches. They worked on the pelometer principle. The motion of the body in walking kept them wound." "A man isn't necessarily bald because he has no hair."

BALL TEAM OF NEGRO GIRLS.

Nightly Practice Enables the "Blue Belles" to Beat Nine of the Boys.

A man was strolling toward the baseball field on the Parade at dusk recently, says the Kansas City Times. A group of dark figures were playing ball on the diamond.

"That's right, Fannie, put 'em over the plate!" "All right, May, look at this." "Heavens!" exclaimed the man, "what names for ball players." He hastened around the field and came within full view of the players. Out in the field was a full team of negro girls, ranging in age from 18 to 22 years, clad in short blue skirts, white shirt waists, black stockings, and regulation baseball shoes. They were equipped with every modern device for capturing the frisky baseball. Stooping forward with hands upon knees, they encouraged the pitcher to "put 'em over," "strike 'em out," and do every other thing which is so easy to tell the pitcher to do but so hard to do the twirler to perform herself—especially herself. The stranger asked for explanations from one of the large crowd which had gathered to witness the performance.

"Those are the Kansas City Blue Belles, organized by Claude East," was the reply. "They come out here and practice almost every night after 6 o'clock. They have made several trips to Kansas towns, including Atchison and Topeka. Can they play ball? Look at them." A little negro girl had just gone to bat. The pitcher "tied herself in a knot" as much as her skirts permitted and threw the ball with speed that would do credit to Rube Waddell. The batter met it squarely "on the nose" and sent it to the embankment on the opposite side of the field. Then she sprinted around for a home run while the crowd cheered.

Bargain Sales in Japan.

Even in placid Japan they have bargain sales, but they conduct them on very different principles from the scrimmages we have over here, says the English Ladies Pictorial. An amusing American woman has embodied her experiences of traveling alone in Japan in a most entertaining volume just published, whence may be gathered a description of a sale at the greatest trading house in Japan. The goods are not flung about. They are shown to advantage in locked cases and the heads of departments keep the keys. Remnants, however, are laid on mats and though there is keen anxiety to secure bargains, perfect order and quiet prevail.

Babies toddle about quite comfortably; others sleep on their mothers' backs. However orderly and quiet though the Japanese bargain sale may be, it is not free from the shoplifter and

BAR LONG NAILS IN FOOTBALL.

Princeton First University to Insist on Manicure for Players.

Manicures will be as essential to the new football as bonneters were to the old, for no match may now be entered into by any youth who has projecting finger nails, says the New York Herald. If it should happen that he finds himself on the gridiron without having complied with this provision he has just two minutes in which to avail himself of the services of a manicure. The Princeton eleven will be the first to feel the need of the attentions of an official polisher, and that without a manicure establishment nearer than Trenton, N. J.

Some of the candidates for gridiron honors this fall who are getting ready to discard their vacation tan say they could not possibly submit to being forced to sit at a little table on the side lines with one hand in rose water and the other under an orange-wood stick.

It will be maddening, they aver, when the scrimmage is at its height to have to say something polite to a fair young thing with yellow hair, who will inquire, "Pleasant day, isn't it? I have just an awful cold, haven't I? Do I hurt you? Where do you usually get your manicuring done? What do you think of George Cohan? Lovely weather, isn't it? Are you in a hurry?"

It stands none the less written. No. 1, section E, is as follows:

"No player having projecting nails on his person will be permitted to play in a match. Penalty, suspension unless the fault is corrected in two minutes." No football player who is particular about how his finger nails look could have them properly manicured in two minutes, it is feared, but the length of the appendages is left to the discretion of the umpire.

Several of the youths from Lawrence preparatory school who are candidates for the Princeton team this fall feel deeply concerned, for the prevailing style of football player is likely to insist upon having his nails long and tapering.

When men are left unconscious on the field, waiting identification, it sounds better in the newspaper dispatches to say, "their hands were carefully manicured and showed them to be persons of culture and refinement and evidently quite unaccustomed to manual labor."

It has been suggested that Princeton retain the services of an ungular expert as a member of the faculty who can diversify his duties on the aesthetics of claw burnishing.

Autographs and Holographs. "An autograph," said an antiquary, "is worth nothing, while a holograph may be worth \$1,000 or more. An autograph of a man is his simple signature. His holograph is one of his signed letters, and its value depends on its interest."

"Some men are such fools that they think autographs valuable and holographs worthless."

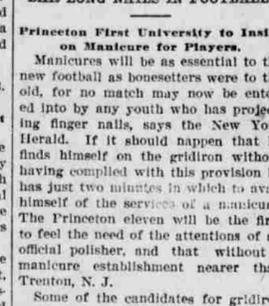
"I know a man who found in his grandfather's chest a lot of important letters of Franklin, Washington, Aaron Burr, Hamilton, Andre and Jefferson. He read these letters; then he burnt them, first cutting out the signatures. "For the signatures he got 50 cents apiece or thereabouts. For the letters in their entirety he would have got from \$100 to \$500 apiece. "By this loss of about \$24,000 the man learned the difference between an autograph and a holograph."

Superstition and the Wedding Ring. When a wedding ring has worn so thin as to break, the superstitious believe that either the husband or the wife will soon die. This may be regarded as an obvious superstition and perhaps accounts for the fact that wedding rings are now made so much thicker and heavier than formerly. —Grand Magazine.

Made Good. He said if she refused him He'd die and though a kid it Turned out as he said it would; In fifty years he did it. —Houston Post.

Also, for the lass, who is given to lassitude!

CAUGHT WITH THE GOODS.



When Father solds, the girls, instead of seeing any justice in his complaints, blame Mother for ever bringing him into the family. Some men get as much satisfaction out of a political campaign as some women get out of a church revival.

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